

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vnder take to woo curst Katharine,
Yes, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in Verona, old *Biondello* sonne:
My father dead, my fortune lines for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gre. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puffed vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
Gre. For he feares none.
Gre. *Hortensio* hearken:
This Gentleman is happily arrid,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promise we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoever.
Gre. And so we wil, provided that he win her.
Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be hold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to —
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tra. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you goe:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No: if without more words you will get you
hence.
Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the steeers as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'll know,
That she's the choise loue of Signior *Greminio*.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience,
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.
Faith *Ladas* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one;
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet see *Baptistas* daughter?
Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.
Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (in sooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Attchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Will not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Pleafe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowyes to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gre. *Bion*, Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and beir so,
Petruchio, I shal be your *Beene venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee,
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not *Hortensio*?
Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You will haue *Greminio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister *Kate*, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this in-
solence?
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.
Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus green'd as I?
But who comes heere.

*Enter Greminio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruchio with Tranio with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Greminio*: God saue
you Gentlemen.
Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daugh-
ter, call'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.
Bap. I haue a daughter sir, call'd *Katerina*.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Petr. You wrong me signior *Greminio*, giue me leaue:
I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
His name is *Licio*, borne in Mantua.
Bap. Yare welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerina*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my griefe.
Petr. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
Petr. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio*'s sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Sauiug your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruay-
lous forward.
Petr. Oh, Pardon me signior *Greminio*, I would faine be
doing.
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a giuft
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindeesse my selfe, that haue beene
More kindly beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong *Se*
Beene long studying at *Rhem*
In Greeke, Latine, and other
As the other in Musicke and
His name is *Cambio*: pray acc
Bap. A thousand thanks
Welcome good *Cambio*. But
Me thinks you walke like a
May I be so bold, to know the
Tra. Pardon me sir, the bo
That being a stranger in this C
Do make my selfe a sutor to y
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous
Nor is your firme resolute vnk
In the preferment of the eldes
This liberty is all that I requ
That vpon knowledge of my
I may haue welcome mongst
And free access and fauour as
And toward the education of
I heere bestow a simple instr
And this small packet of Gree
If you accept them, then their
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name
Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *P*
Bap. A mightie man of *Pis*
I know him well: you are ver
Take you the Lute, and you th
You shall goe see your Pupils p
Holla, within. *Enter a Seru*
Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell the
These are their Tutors, bid th
We will go walke a little in
And then to dinner: you are
And so I pray you all to thinke
Petr. Signior *Baptista*, my
And euerie day I cannot com
You knew my father well, and
Left folie heire to all his Land
Which I haue bettered rather
Then tell me, if I get your da
What dowrie shall I haue wi
Bap. After my death, the o
And in possession twentie tho
Petr. And for that dowrie,
Her widdow-hood, be it tha
In all my Lands and Leases w
Let specialties be therefore d
That couenants may be kept
Bap. I, when the speciall t
That is her loue: for that is al
Petr. Why that is nothing.
I am as peremptorie as the pro
And where two raging fires m
They do consume the thing th
Though little fire growes gre
yet extreme gusts will blow e
So I to her, and so she yeelds
For I am rough, and woo not
Bap. Well maist thou wo
But be thou arm'd for some v
Petr. I to the prooue, as Me
That shakes not, though they
Enter Hortensio with